An Evening Prospect.

Scarce onward ſteals the loitering Stream,
And Eve o'er all her mantle throws,
Dim the retiring Landſchapes ſeem,
The Hamlet ſleeps - the flores close!

So fares the mind, where Fancy's hues
Paint every young Idea bright,
When Grief uſurps her fairy views,
And wears the ſaddened brow of night.

Why heaves Ambition's reſtleſs ſigh?
Eſcap'd from Life's tumultuous round,
Ah how more bleſt thoſe haunts who fly,
Ye who the village-path have found!

Where Nature's ſimple Genius reigns,
Free from the golden bonds of Art,
And, with an honeſt pride disdains,
In Faſhion's mask to veil the heart;

Whose gaudy Sons might Truth diſcern,
Though Sophiſtry the task deſpise;
Here, of the rural Sage might learn,
To grow ſtill purer, as more wise!

J. D [1788]

Broxb. 109. 22 (4)

ARIA*

L'ENDIMIONE PARTE PRIMA.

Dimmi, che vaga sei!
Dimmi ch'hai fido il Core?
Ma, nón parlar d'Amore,
Ch'io, non t'ascoltero.

Sol Cacciator son Jo -
Le fere attendo al varco,
Fuorche le ſtrale e l'arco,
Altro piacher non ho!

TRANSLATION.

TELL me you that are so pretty
Tell me if your Heart be true?
But tale of Love or tender ditty,
I dare not hear from such as YOU:

For I am nothing but a CURATE -
And all I look for, Surplice-fees;
Faith! t'would be living at a poor rate,
To ſhare with DELIA such as these!

BODLEIANA·BIBLIOTHECA·BODL